Disgreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sowrne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
VVhat rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turne it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſing light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till wee can find a time
To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide,

Nur. Here

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence, goodnight, & here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Paris. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her hereof, my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

Paris Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her,